

VOL. LV. No. 1423.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, June 8, 1904.

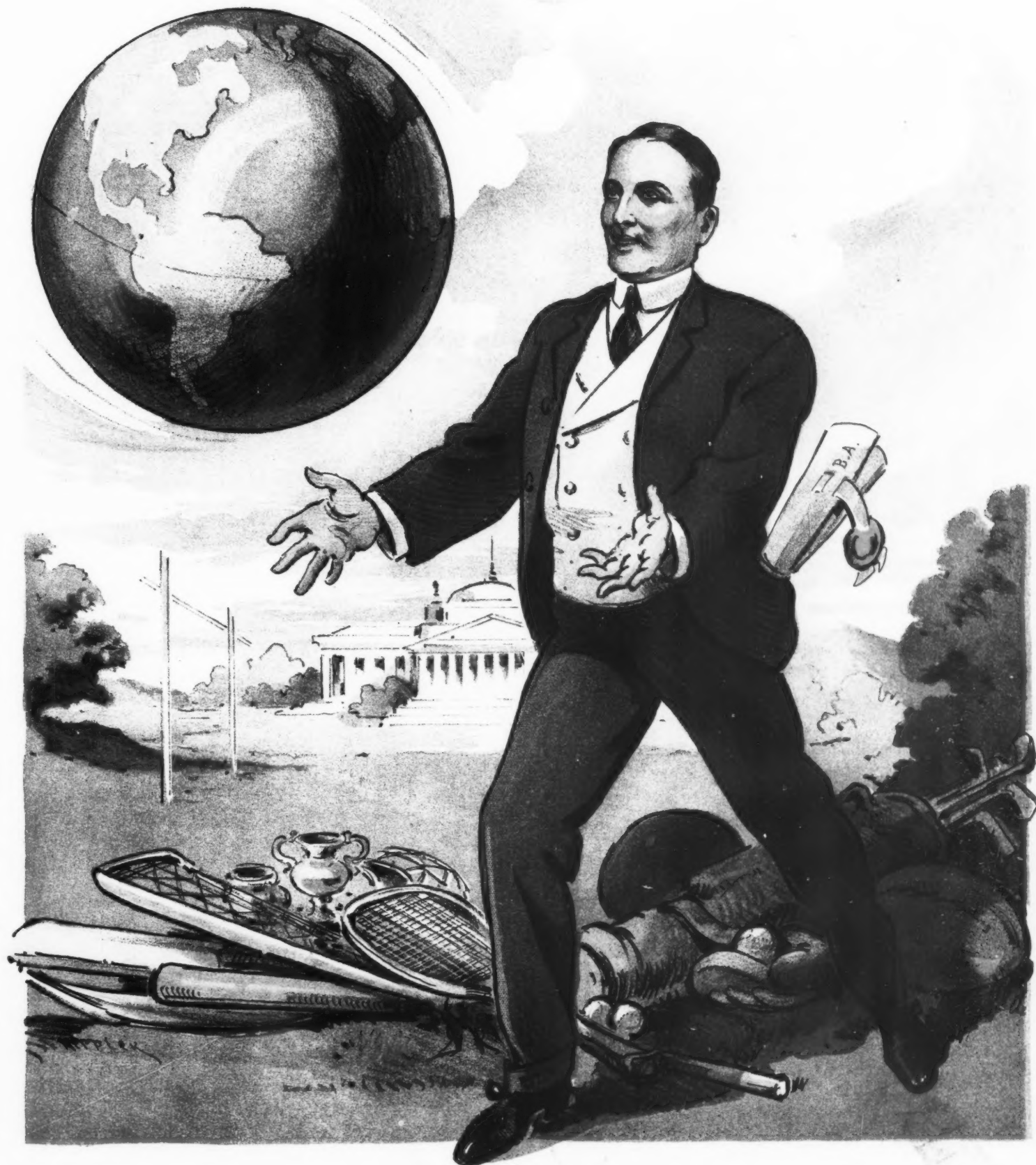
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Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE GAME OF LIFE.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, 1904.

PUCK



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, June 8, 1904. — No. 1423.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Governor ODELL has for a brief period shaken the dust of the Empire State from his shoes, and is at this moment accumulating a fund of that wisdom which comes from foreign travel. We have it on the worst authority that the Governor's object in leaving his charge to the tender mercies of the Lieutenant Governor is not to stiffen his sinews for the approaching national campaign, nor indeed to take a look in on the American Embassy at London to see if he likes the job, nor yet has he ventured into the dangerous whirl of Parisian life in order to improve his accent as might be necessary in the event of his being some day accredited to the French Capitol as Uncle Sam's representative. His main object in deserting the post of duty at a critical moment is to attend a course of lectures in Political Science to be delivered daily at his lodgings by the ex-Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, K. G. P. D. Q., on the particular subject of True Harmony, or How to Bust Things Wide Open in a Friendly Way.



THE City of New York is doubly bereft. Not only has the Governor gone abroad but the Reverend Doctor Parkhurst also has fled to foreign climes, so that for the time being there's really nobody to keep an eye on the tiger. Of course on the eve of his departure the Doctor has freed his mind of all those little unpleasantnesses which men do not like to carry with them when they travel. Father Knickerbocker in the Doctor's eye is still the same abominable old reprobate whose protestations of reform are as empty as the winds, not so much because he has n't spruced up a bit and tried to lead a better life, as because he won't do it the way the good Doctor wants him to. He is still indulging in all sorts of evil practices which are not permitted in that social bourne to which Doctor Parkhurst would consign him, and altogether the outlook for his ever entering the Kingdom of Heaven is pretty poor. Meanwhile the only man ever fashioned who really knows how to clean the old gentleman up is speeding toward other scenes, there to gather strength for future use in the moral regeneration of his beloved City, but we are certain that he will not forget us and our needs; we are confident that wherever he may be, in the gay whirl of Paris, or thinking deep thoughts on the solitary peak of the Matterhorn he will occasionally glance our way, and even as Elijah the Third told of our sins so may we hope to hear again, if things go more radically wrong than usual, from our much admired Jeremiah the Sixteenth.



OF course this is not the psychological moment for Uncle Sam to consider what shall be done to make the Vice-Presidential Chair more popular in the estimation of American Statesmen, but with most of the available candidates for its honors taking to the woods to escape them it is well to call attention to an extra-

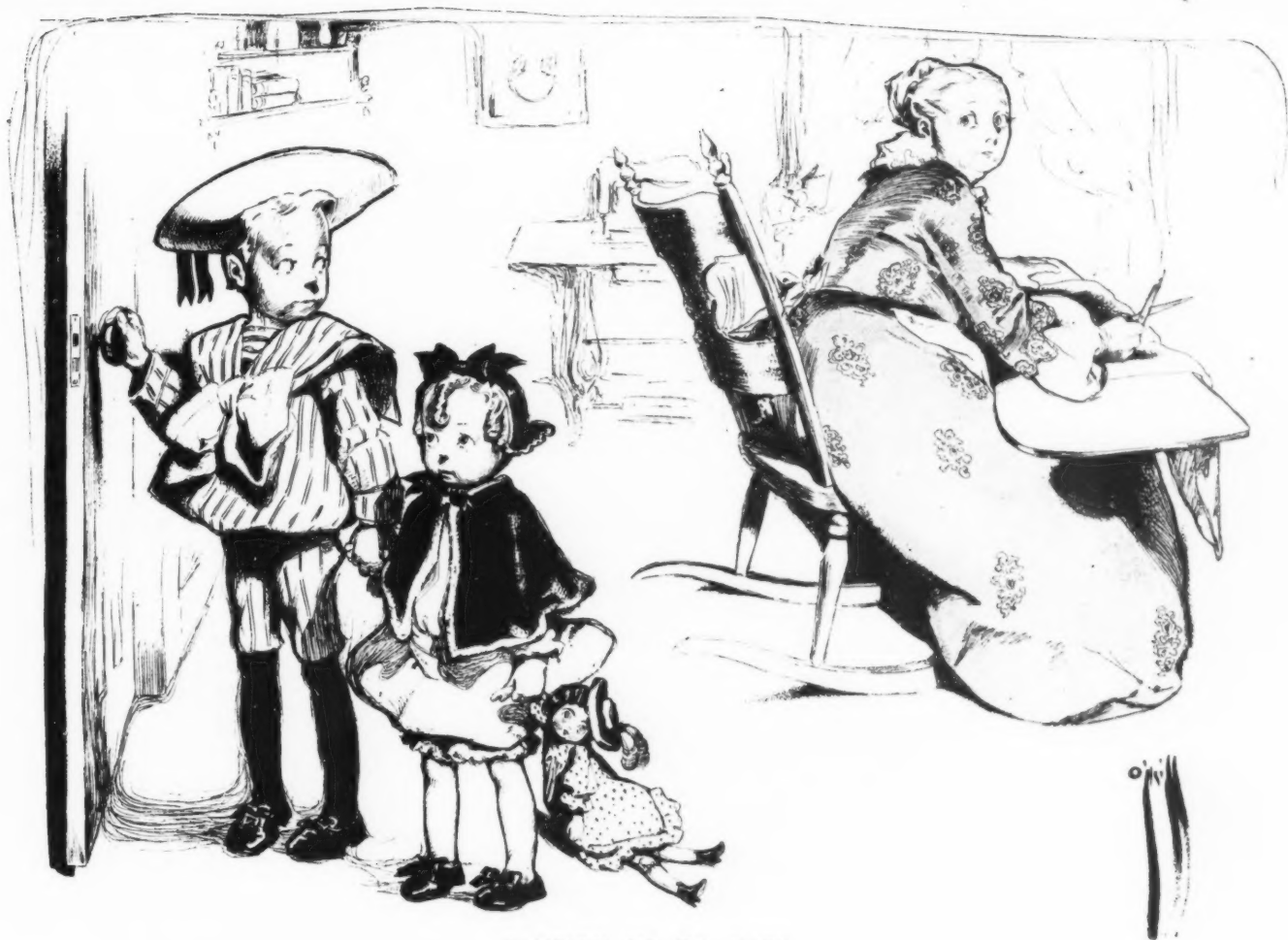
ordinary condition. In the whole galaxy of high offices in the gift of the American people there is not one that is more universally not wanted than the Vice-Presidency. Incorporated and capitalized at a billion its shares would fall below eight in a jiffy, it is true, and even at that, as a financial proposition, there would be room for the squeezing out of much water, but as an honor of great worth surely it should prove attractive to almost any man who cares for distinction without notoriety. Its emoluments are not large, its patronage is exceedingly limited, but its duties are not exacting. Once it is won and the dust and turmoil of a campaign are forgotten it should be a most agreeable Chair to occupy. There are no pins in its upholstery, it is solidly placed upon four sturdy legs, creaks not after the manner of the camp-stool, stands high and conspicuously upon a dais in the leading debating society of the nation and carries with it none of the harassing obligations of utterance that so detract from the pleasures of service in the Senate. When we consider that its occupant has for four years an exclusive front seat at all the fine functions of the Senate, and is so located that he can hear the honeyed eloquence of Mr. Depew without danger of being hit by the strenuous right arm of that distinguished orator, is so elevated as to enjoy an unobstructed view of the indulgences of Senator Tilman and others in first class vaudeville, and now and again constitutes the whole audience in one of Senator Hoar's heart to heart talks on matters of expansive import, it becomes incomprehensible that so many thousands of modest men all over the country turn their backs upon it. Why should men prefer the dentist's chair to that of the Vice-President? Wherefore this coy attitude on the part even of those who secretly long for its honors? Something, somewhere is radically wrong that such a condition should confront us, and PUCK earnestly suggests that when all the offices to be allotted during the coming six months have been bestowed and the business of governing the country is again taken up by our magistrates and councillors this subject should receive instant and expert attention. It is not fit that so honorable a post should be pariah in the land.



THE pleasant days of June are upon us and from one end of the land to the other the voice of the Graduate echoes and re-echoes upon fond parental ears. For the moment Puck doffs his hat to the grave and reverend Senior and consents to a temporary revision of his motto.



"What wise folk these mortals be," is the slogan of this hour and day; but to-morrow, O gentle lady and majestic orator, it is his advice that ye hie ye back again to the ranks of the foolish. There is no real happiness where too much wisdom dwells, and in the armor of mortal omniscience lurks many a blow-hole. Some of the things you have learned it will do you no harm to forget; but one thing, now that the real game of life is to begin, that you should remember is that the world is n't such a bad place after all. Indeed in many respects it is the best place we know of as yet, and in it is much opportunity for those who are n't afraid to take off those stately academic gowns and the coats under them as well and put their shoulders to the wheel. Ever since Adam and Eve gave up suburban for Metropolitan life the world has been going to the dogs and is no nearer the pound than it was then. It is safe to assume that for some fifty million years to come it will successfully elude the final canine catastrophe provided you and those who follow you try to keep it sweet and clean. PUCK would advise the cheerful attitude toward its slings and arrows. Mr. Rockefeller will tell you that even when the sun is away behind the clouds, and the moon's forgot and the stars are hid there are still gas and oil to shed light upon dark places. No day need be so dark that it cannot be lit by the oil of a cheerful disposition, and the natural gaseousness of a sunny attitude. You will do well to remember too that it is well to be not always a consumer. Produce occasionally even if it is nothing more than a little happiness out of your own meager store, and maybe at some personal sacrifice, for others. It is a pretty safe wager that if you do this some one of the many prizes of life will fall to your lot.



CAUTION UP TO DATE.

MOTHER.—Yes, children, you may run out and play on the railroad tracks,—but be sure and keep off the street or the automobiles will get you.

THE GENTLEMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

MR. RORER'S GASTRO-GABBLE.

My Best Recipe for Clay Pigeons.

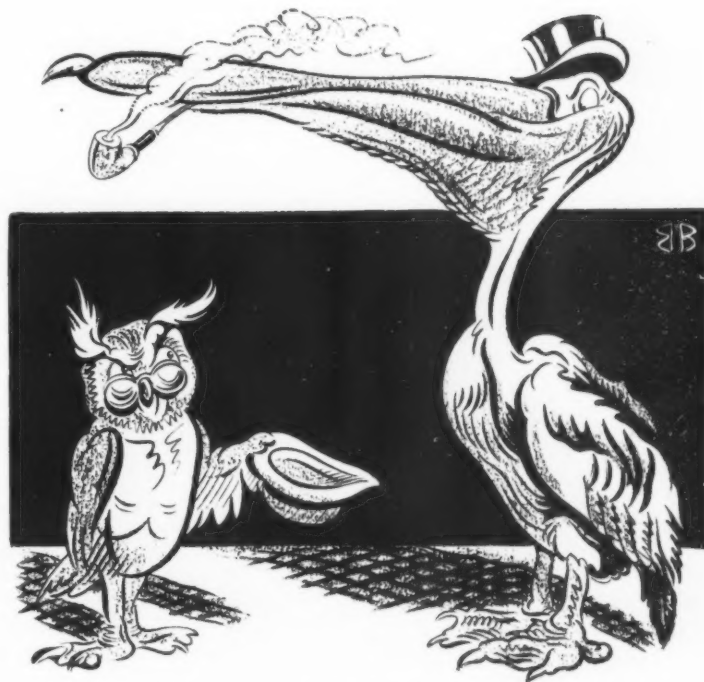


WHEN one is not especially hungry, what is so appetizing as a nice brace of Clay Pigeons? If one lives in a clay pigeon country one may shoot his own breakfast. A well-directed charge of duckshot will reduce a pigeon to fragments of the proper size, and these should be soaked over night to make them succulent and tender. In the morning dress and wash (the pigeons), and rub in an ounce of linseed oil. Cook in a chafing dish, first dusting the pigeons with a level teaspoonful of talcum powder.

My Best Recipe for Tailor's Goose.

For a heavy dinner I recommend Roast Tailor's Goose. Select a young goose, draw it, and burn off the neck. Wash and drain, and stuff with batting and canvas (Howard Chandler Christy style). Moisten with benzine, and cook over a quick fire, basting frequently with white thread. Serve with French chalk sauce. Many people prefer the stuffing to the goose itself.

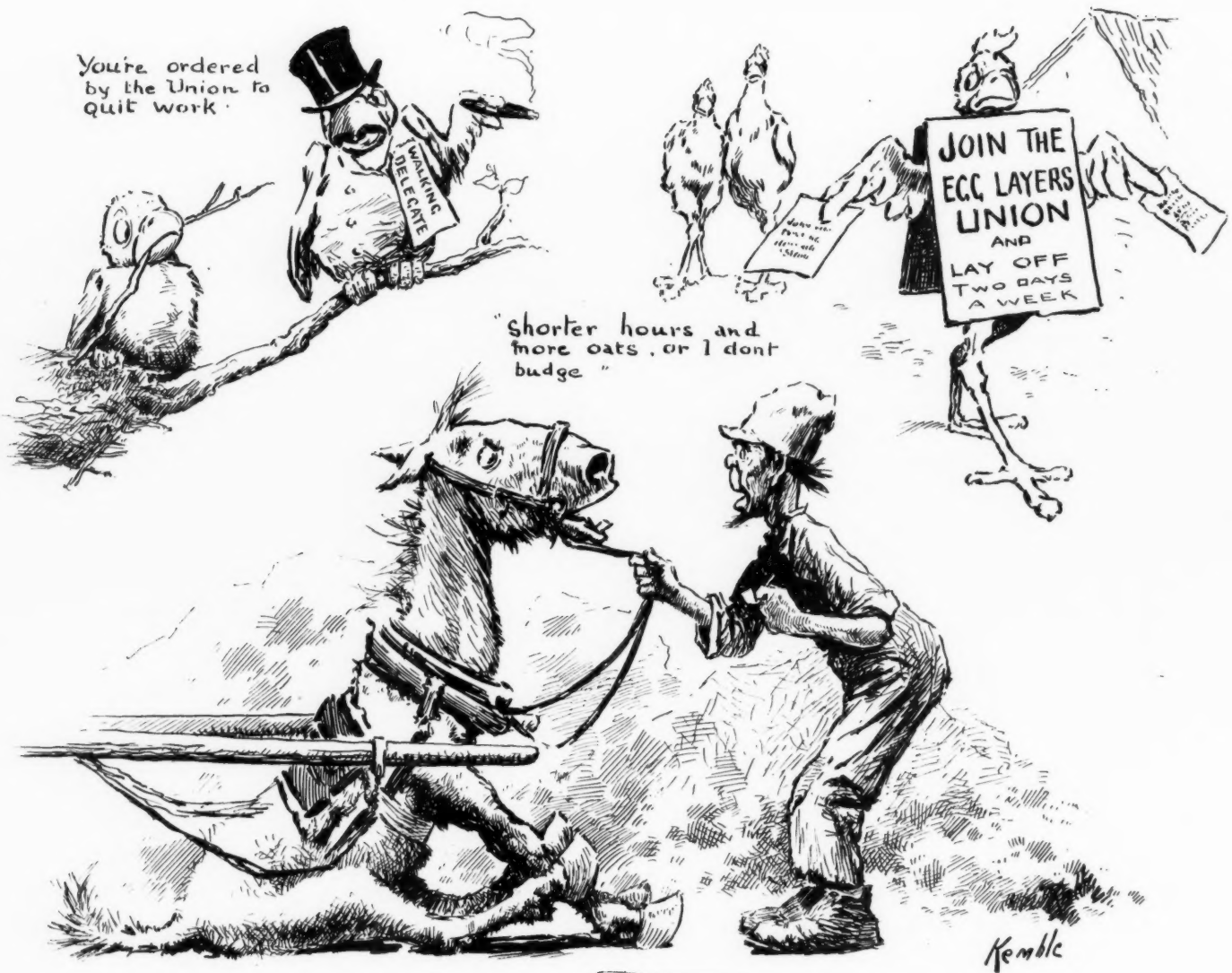
B. L. T.



A SIMILARITY.

THE OWL.—Do you believe in the theory of Purgatory?
THE PELICAN.—Yes—er—that is—we'll probably go to the Taxidermist before we reach the Museum.

PUCK



THE SPREAD OF AN EPIDEMIC.

It is the misfortune of literature that a man may become famous enough to be asked his opinion without being wise enough to refrain from giving that which he has not.

PUCK



HE MEETS REQUIREMENTS.

"Will young Gotrox get the nomination, do you think?"
 "Surely; he is just like so much 'dough' in the hands of the politicians."



AUTHORS AND ILLUSTRATORS.

AUTHORS and illustrators ought to agree, but they don't—not always. Authors are queer. They seem to think it is the business of the illustrator to supplement the text with pictures that explain or vivify. It is needless to tell you that the business of the illustrator is to be pictorial, regardless of the text.



One can understand the chagrin of an author who, after he has given a beard to some creature of his fancy, finds that creature smooth-shaven in the illustration. This is the author's misfortune, not his fault. A beard, in that particular instance, might not be ultra-pictorial.

We deplore the hostility 'twixt authors and illustrators, and regard it as wholly unnecessary. Harmony should exist, and harmony *would* exist if all descriptive words or phrases in a manuscript were left blank until the illustrations were made. By referring to these, the blanks could then be filled, and text and illustrations would exactly agree.

For an example: You are all familiar with Irving's pen picture of Ichabod Crane. The passage is to be found in the old rhetoric books used in the schools. Would literature or Irving have suffered if an illustrator had had the first shot at Ichabod, and the text now ran this way?—

"He was short, but exceedingly fat, with broad shoulders, short arms and legs, hands that retreated a mile inside his sleeves, feet that might have served for pegs, and his whole frame most compactly massed together. His head was large and round on top, with tiny ears, small black lustreless eyes, and a short snub nose, so that it looked like a ball of butter perched upon his firkin of a neck. To see him waddling along the profile of a hill on a quiet afternoon, with his clothes sticking to him like the paper to the wall, one might have mistaken him for the genius of plenty descending upon the earth, or some prize bullock escaped from its stall."

"BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING."

What appears at first glance to be an advertisement of "Dr. Ajax's Electric Belt," or "Crackerjack Breakfast Oats," proves on closer examination to

be a half-page of illustrated testimonials from actors and actresses who have been cured by reading "In the Bishop's Carriage," one of the new books. This is an excellent lead, which publishers will not be slow to pursue, and any day may bring the following:

A TOUR DE FORCE.

Until he read Jack London's tales
 Jim Dumps could hardly tip the scales.
 But vigor and vim got into him,
 And now they call him Strenuous Jim.

JUST ADD A HAMMOCK AND SERVE.

Bill was the crankiest of cooks
 Till he bought Mark Twain's "Six Funniest
 Books."
 Note the improvement in his looks —
 The smile that won't come off.

ONE OF OUR 57 VARIETIES.

When father is late and baby is cross,
 How pleasant for mother to know
 That Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings"
 May be had for a dollar or so.

"HOW TO TELL THE GRASS."

One of the most helpful of out-of-door books is "How to Tell the Grass," by Elizabeth Loosestrife, which the Next to Nature's Heart Publishing Company has just issued. As the author says, the best place to study nature is out of doors; but many of us can not do this, and when we do run into the country for a day or two we are constantly confusing the



grass with the buttercups. We recall distinctly the first time grass was pointed out to us. "Why, it's *green*!" we exclaimed, surprised and delighted by the discovery. For in those days there were no nature guide books, and one found out things for one's self, in a blundering way, or went ignorant. Miss Loosestrife's little book is copiously illustrated with colored plates, the grass being shown in contrast with dandelions, currant bushes, hedges, apple trees, robins, sparrows, and other familiar rural objects, so that no person of average intelligence need longer confuse one with the other.

Bert Leston Taylor.



WHY THEY WALKED ON.

BOARDER.—I suppose your wife takes Summer boarders so as to help you out?

FARMER WINROW.—I s'pose so. I would n't know how to farm it no how if it was n't fer th' suggestions I git from Summer boarders.



AS HOME FOLKS SEE THE GRADUATE.

WHEN kindergarten days were o'er,
They flocked her lisping voice to hear
In childish "piece." They never saw
Her do so well, "the little dear!"

The grammar school she conquered next;
She spoke of glory, "dropped a tear;"
Her lisp was gone, advanced her text,
But still they cried, "The little dear!"

And when — a high school graduate,
She read an essay, "Woman's Sphere,"
Regardless of her new estate,
Again they murmured, "Little dear!"

So, when to-day she makes her bid
For fame with Senior Thesis clear,
Her folks will say, "How well she did!
We *knew* she would, the little dear!"

A. H. F.

PUCK

JUST A BABY.

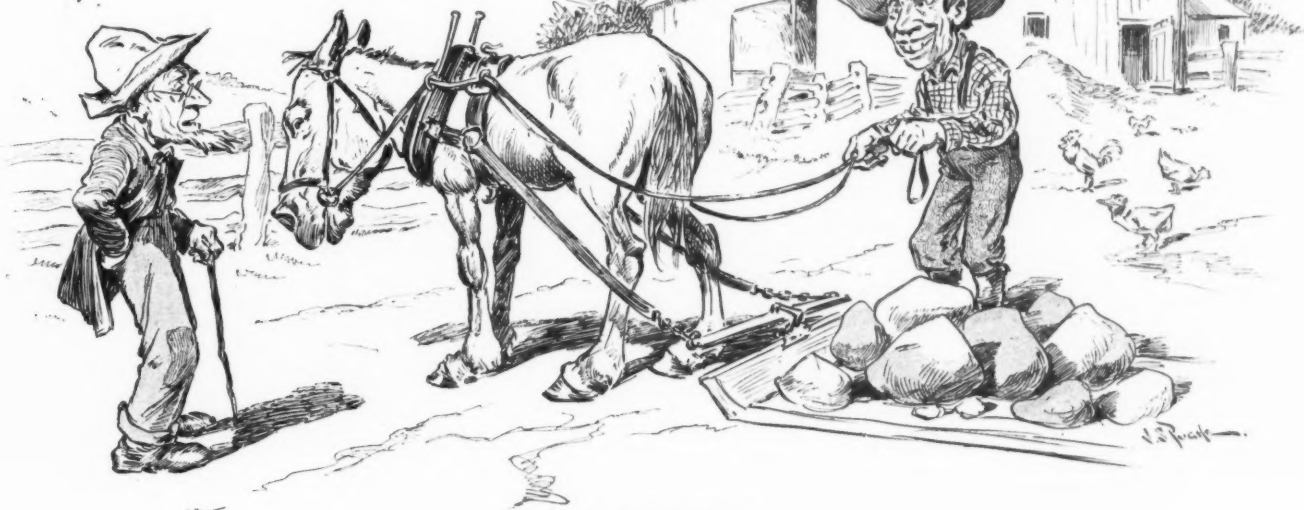
WHAT a commonplace baby is
Baby!
He never a diary penned;
Never jotted his infant impres-
sions
Of nursery things without end;
He never acquired the muscle
Of pugilists, trained for the
fight,
By the use of a few simple move-
ments,
Gone through with each morn-
ing and night;
He never was saved, as we
know of,
By anyone's wonderful food;
And he's never been photo-
graphed, saying
That So-and-so's soap is so
good;

Moreover, when given to crying, —
Now it's here that you'll all be surprised —
He raises his voice for his bottle,
And ne'er for a thing advertised.
For a fad, he has only his rattle;
And his hobby's that jumping jack;
While if he possesses impressions,
He carefully holds them back.
All in all, he's a commonplace baby,
A puzzle, a trouble, a joy,
Who'll expand before any one knows it,
To the state of a commonplace boy. A. H. F.

A GOOD START.

"I UNDERSTAND," tentatively remarked the book agent, "that this village is soon to have a new theatre in place of the old town hall?"

"Sure thing!" replied the landlord of the tavern at Waupsey, Missouri. "The Hon. Bill Bilderback had a chance to buy a secondhand fire-escape and an asbestos curtain, cheap, and he's goin' to build an operry house to fit 'em, just as soon as he can git some interested party to put up the money."



HIS IMPROVEMENT.

"I used to think," sarcastically and paraphrastically said the Old Codger, "that you could lead a boy to college, but you could n't make him think; but it sorter strikes me that something has stirred up that 'ere peaked-headed (as I've always called him) nephew of Luther Stang's, so 's he 's got to doin' some pretty shrewd thinkin', and, incidentally, somehow acquired quite an accurate estimate of his own worth. 'Tennyrate, he 's just written his Uncle Luther that if he don't send him some money right away he 'll come home. He 's certainly got more brains and calculation than I thought he had!"



A STINTING STUNT.

ALGY.—Ferdie has had to economize fwrightfully since he got mawwied.

ETHEL.—He has?

ALGY.—Jove, yes. He 's wolling his own cigawettes now, ye know.

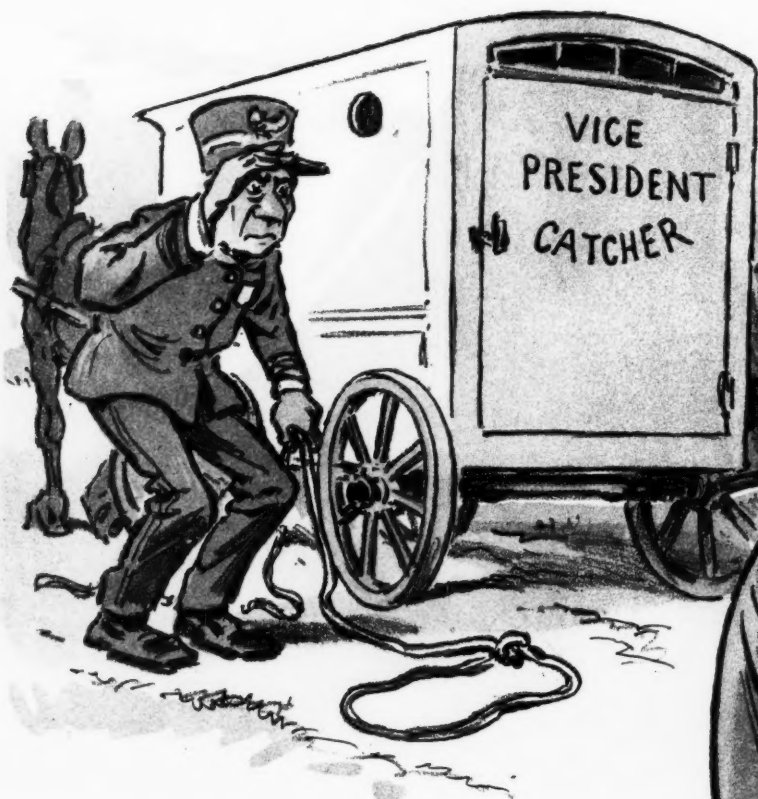
RECOUPMENT.

"OUR housekeeping alone costs more than I can earn?" he hissed. Scornfully laughed Helene, his wife.

"Pray what have I to do with that?" she asked.

"It is all because you are too proud to play bridge with the wives of trades-people!" thundered Perigord, with a black look.

Even the fatalist may occasionally permit himself to curse his luck, feeling that it was destined that he should.



It may come to this —



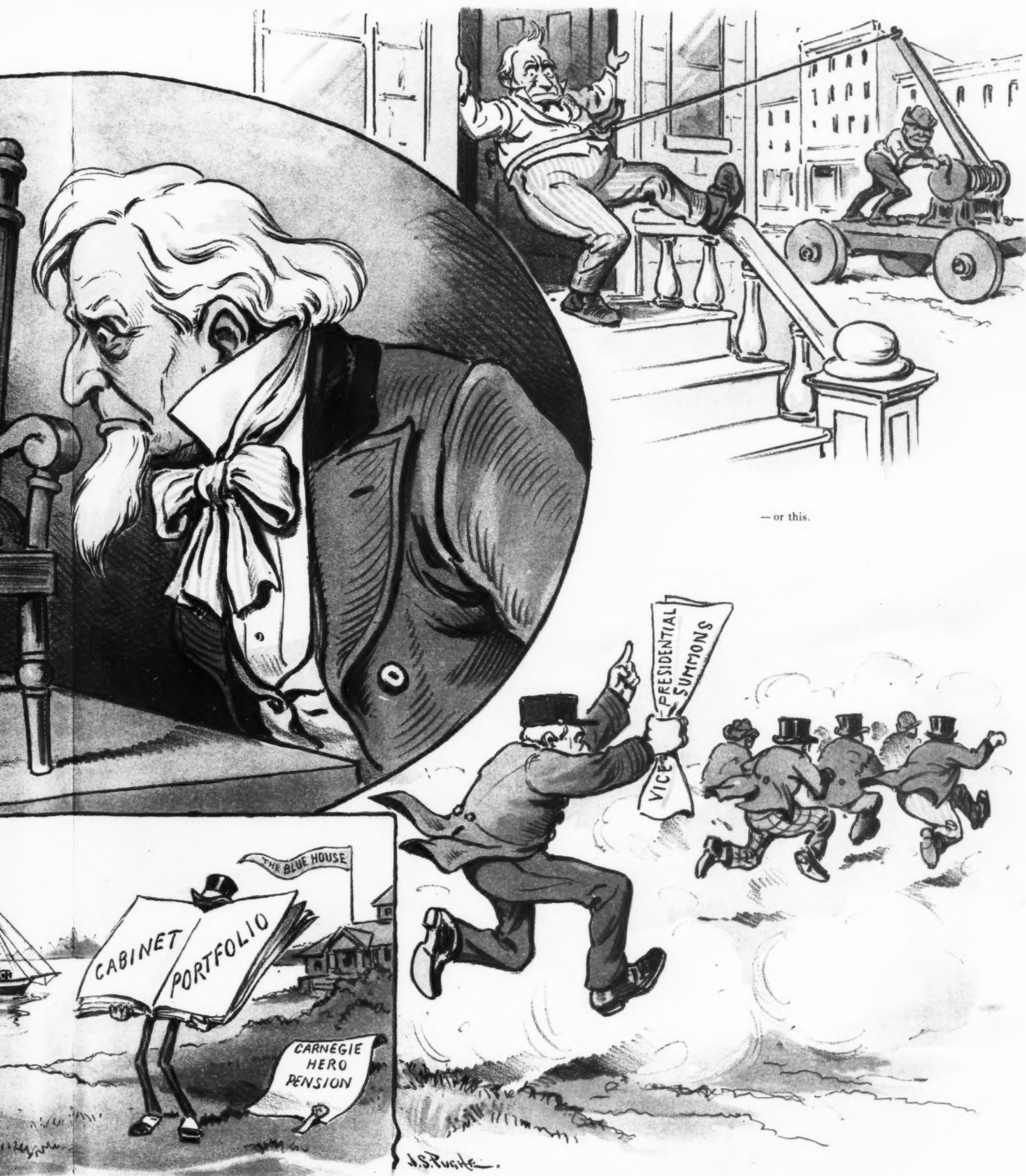
"The Vice-Presidency 'll ketch yer ef ye don't watch out."



Possible Premiums.

WANTED: AN O

What's the matter with the Vic



— or this.

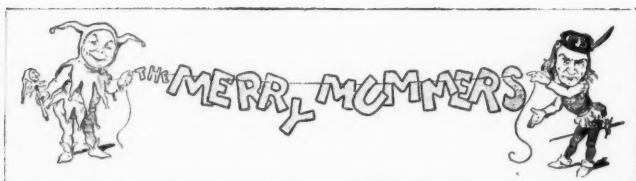
or, peradventure, this.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

Possible Premiums.

ED: AN OCCUPANT.

matter with the Vice-Presidential Chair?



TEMPERAMENT.

[The London Times says: "Miss Ethel Barrymore is an actress of temperament, capable of giving jaded playgoers the sense of nature and freshness."]



"TEMPERAMENT." What word or phrase
Imports so much? In daily use,
Like a good rule it works both ways,
And serves as virtue or excuse.
The ancients mixed it up with "bile";
But that was all they knew about it.
How did they, such a weary while,
Contrive to get along without it?

Now, if a thug elects to crown
With homicide a life misspent,
Or if a poet wins renown,
It's "temperament"—his temperament.
When Brown devotes a lengthy life
To cards and bibulous excesses,
Or Smith runs off with Jones's wife,
His temperament he thus expresses.

Playgoers in the days called yore
Must have been jaded now and then;
And there were great as Barrymore
To rouse and set them up again.
"Temperament" was then unguessed,
And no one was at pains to grow it.
Do you suppose that they possessed
It all the time—and did n't know it?

ACTORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

The theatrical profession as a whole is probably not more superstitious than other classes of men, but there are certain credulous notions which actors and managers collectively share or confess to as individuals.

For example, Nat Goodwin considers it a bad sign to lose more than \$15,000 at faro, especially if he has to sign I. O. U's.

Certain parts of the stage are held to be unlucky by all actors.

The center is not one of these. An actor's idea of Hades is a revolving stage on which there is no center.

Oscar Hammerstein is a hardheaded man of dramatic affairs, yet he always has a sense of impending disaster when there are thirteen people in the audience.

Although Joseph Murphy does n't care any more for a nickel than a farmer does for a yoke of steers, he considers it unlucky to fall asleep in a cab and lose his valuables.

Friday is regarded universally as an unlucky day for business ventures. William H. Crane will not even buy a drink on Friday.

Not to be mentioned in the newspapers is an evil omen any day of the week; and the hotel man who assigns to an actor a room with a broken mirror, loses a customer.

Two hundred persons are promised for the cast of "Pilgrim's Progress," which Charles Frohmann is to produce next season in New York and London. For the principal roles the following felicitous selections have thus far been made: *Christian*, Sam Bernard; *Apollyon*, William Faversham; *Giant Despair*, Peter Francis Dailey; *Pliable*, John Drew; *Timorous*, Fay Templeton; *Obstinate*, Richard Mansfield; *Feeble-Mind*, Wilton Lackaye; *Faithful*, Lillian Russell. To save a salary, the parts of *Talkative* and *Ignorance* have been doubled and will be played by Corse Payton.

After all, New York is n't so hopeless. "Candida," performed to make an actor's holiday, became popular, and the public literally pursued Arnold Daly from one auditorium to another in the trying days when Commissioner



ENDS TO AN END.

Thanks to the Twin's tails the Monkey's perambulator is the most stylish turn-out in the Congo Free State.

Darlington was reducing the visible supply of theaters. In cultured Boston "Candida" did not do at all well, while in London, which has just discovered Bernard Shaw's play, the demeanor of the audiences is such as to make the judicious grieve. New York will see more of Mr. Daly, and will make the continuance of the Shaw experiment worth while.

B. L. T.



IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

NORTHERNER.—But I hope the negroes down here are not without th' pale of the law, sir?

SOUTHERNER.—No, indeed, sah. Why, even th' humblest nigger that 's lynched, sah, gets an inquest, sah.

Credit is a clever device of high finance whereby we are enabled to spend what we have n't got.

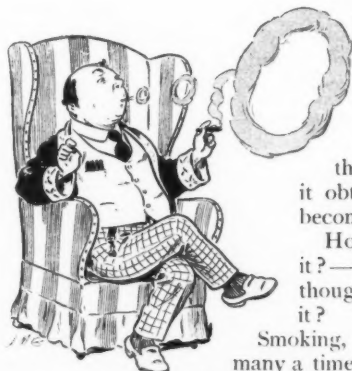
PUCK



THE IRON HAND.

THE GROOM.—The master, sure, is a fussy owld guy.
THE COOK.—An' 't is your fault av he is that. Do as Oi do, an' he'll hov no more to say in *your* stable than the mistress has in *my* kitchen.

ON SMOKING.



ONE of the most disturbing thoughts that come into the mind of the slave of tobacco is the insidious resolve to stop.

The danger lies not only in the occasional presence of this thought but in the fact that if it obtrudes itself too often, it may become a fixed habit.

How can we break ourselves of it?—not the tobacco, but the thought that we ought to stop it?

Smoking, as we have been told many a time and oft, is bad for the heart, bad for the nerves and bad for the pocketbook. It promotes thirst and takes up time.

There is, we regret to say, some truth in all this. There is just enough truth to foster that feeling of uneasiness at the thought that we are doing something we ought not to do.

The average smoker smokes as much as he tells his wife, multiplied by three and then two more.

Even then he knows in his heart that he is smoking too much. He will smoke one less cigar to-morrow, and one less the next day. By and by he gets himself down—in his mind—to one cigar after dinner. That's enough for any man. Being only one cigar, he can afford to put as much money into it as into three that he is smoking now and still save. He will enjoy it so much more, also. Occasionally, as a special luxury, when he is out of an evening he will smoke two. Also occasionally, when he has a friend out at noon, he may smoke one after luncheon. But no more!

Sometimes the man quits altogether. He wakes up in the morning, folds his arms firmly like an expectant gladiator, looks at himself dramatically in the glass and exclaims: "*Never again!*"

Two hours later, he folds his arms once more—this time a little feebler—and there being no mirror this time, he just looks out into the cold, hard, unsympathetic world, and says, still somewhat dramatically: "*Never again!*"

"Then, about 4 P. M., while he is sitting at his desk writing, the sudden consciousness that all the nicotine is slowly ebbing out of his system strikes him like a squall at sea and he rushes madly out to the corner store and feverishly lighting the biggest perfecto he can carry, he again exclaims: "*Never again—will I quit!*"

This is the proper spirit for the confirmed smoker. There should be no coarse note of defiance displayed, there should be no dallying with the thought of what we ought not to do, but instead, a calm, unflagging and persistent determination never to stop as long as health and strength remain.

Moments of weakness come to all of us—moments in which we feel that, after all, it may be better for us not to go on. Only by stern control can they be utterly eradicated. We may, indeed, yield to them temporarily. But should this happen, we should always be careful never to cut off the supply.

Nothing is more distressing when a man has solemnly resolved never to smoke again, and then wakes up, to find that he has n't provided himself with any cigars.

Tom Masson.

CUPID'S CROSSING.

RESERVE, please, a stateroom for Cupid;
He does n't care whether it 's aft,
Or fore or amidship you bunk him,
Or whether it 's over the shaft,

For Cupid, you see, is a tourist
Who never is known to reck
Of the sort of a stateroom you give him,
So long as he 's given the deck.

And now, by the way, as to luggage,—
When he hands you his dart and his bow,
Pray label them, "*Wanted For Voyage.*"
And be sure not to send them below.

A. H. F.



AN EAST SIDE VACUUM.

THE SETTLEMENT WORKER.—In many respects, my dear Madam, we have to take worldly things as we find them.

MRS. HESTER.—But some of us down here, sir, don't find nothin' to take.

Life Is Not
A Fading Dream
to those who drink

Evans' Ale

But rather one continuous
round of Pleasure.

The open door to Enjoyment.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

THE pessimist is the man who thinks the world is lost because he is not personally conducting it.—*Ram's Horn.*



ON THE WAY BACK.

BUSKINS BENTLEY.—This is a sort of souvenir performance.

J. FOOTE LITEVAIT.—How?

BUSKINS BENTLEY.—Why, we're doing the hundredth mile since the show was stranded.

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

GLORIOUS PANORAMA

In the Colorado canons are stupendous walls rising perpendicularly, or gradually sloping back toward greater hills, or, yet again, leaning forward above the chasm, as if threatening to come tumbling down—projecting great rocks that hang suspended over the train as it glides smoothly by—a panorama of wonders and grandeur such as belong only to the Rocky Mountains.

The Fast Trains to
COLORADO
are via
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LOW RATES

Be sure your tickets read over this line.

A copy of "The Rockies, Great Salt Lake and Yellowstone," sent free on application to
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
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HAD HER OWN IMPRESSIONS.

"Your husband says he established his hotel by honest toil," remarked the woman who hears all that is said in the village.

"Yes," answered the tired-looking woman; "but he did n't say whose toil, did he?"—*Washington Star.*

HER CURIOSITY.

"Mrs. Chellus looks bad, does n't she?"

"Yes, and no wonder. She's been awake every night for a week past."

"The idea! What was the matter?"

"She discovered about a week ago that her husband talks in his sleep, and of course she had to listen."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

DOES N'T STAY UP.

FARMER HAYCEDE.—Have any trouble gittin' yer hired man up these mornin's?

FARMER KORNTOP.—Oh! I jist punch 'im in the ribs and up he jumps.

FARMER HAYCEDE.—Jist like machinery, eh?

FARMER KORNTOP.—Waal, ye might say like "flyin'-machinery." He's up an' then fust thing I know he's down again.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

STILL AT IT.

"Childhood's hours are the happiest times of one's life!" sighed the disappointed man.

"Oh, I don't know!" chirped his companion. "I don't see but that I can watch a ball game just about as well as I could forty years ago!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



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From its maturity, purity,
flavor, quality,

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is hospitality's charm. It is
The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

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 The mosquito said, lifting his tile,
 "Though my mouth is so small
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 You may take it for granted I smile."

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THE WAIL OF THE VICTIM.

"You can't get something for nothing," said the man who affects proverbs.
 "No," answered the easy man; "I can't. But the people with whom I do
 business seem to manage it every now and then."—*Washington Star.*

KWOTER.—Ah! yes, Death is impartial! It seeks out the poor man and
 the rich man alike.

WISEMAN.—Not exactly alike. In the latter case it is usually accom-
 panied by reporters.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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A TALE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

"ANYTHING going on to-day?" inquired the special correspondent of the *Daily Persian Patriot*.

"Why," said the representative of the *Median Monitor*, the esteemed contemporary of the *Persian Patriot*, "it strikes me that we are up against it. You see, this pass—Thermopylæ they call it—by the way, have you got it on your war map?"

"No, we have n't. We never dreamed there would be any battle fought here."

"Of course not. Neither did we. Well, it seems to be a tremendously strong position and well fortified and it is defended by an enormous force of the enemy—six or seven thousand men, I hear under a general named Leonidas, who, apparently, means to go down to posterity and does n't care when he starts. I tell you, if there are to be any I-regret-to-report messages somebody else will have to write them, because Leonidas won't be there to do it."

"And how many men have we to attack the pass?"

"Why, that 's the trouble. I don't suppose we have more than a million. You see, Xerxes has detached about four hundred thousand to protect his rear and about seven hundred thousand to keep his communications open. Imagine! Only seven hundred thousand to keep his communications open, with such scrappers as these Greeks liable to cut us off and, may be, starve us into a surrender at any moment! But, between you and me, Xerxes does n't know enough to last him over night, although, of course, in my despatches I'm puffing him as the greatest general that ever came down the pike."

"To be sure. I thought of calling him 'Fighting Xerxes.'"

"Well, I guess that would tickle him, although it does n't sound as euphonious as it might. Well, I wish him luck, but I think he 'll find the Pass of Thermopylæ the toughest proposition he ever tackled."

"Should n't wonder. However, we must be prepared to send in as cheerful reports as circumstances will permit."

"Sure. I have some of mine ready. 'Attacked the Pass with conspicuous gallantry.' 'Our loss inconsiderable.' 'Inflicted tremendous damage on the enemy.' 'Spartans in a panic.' 'Leonidas expected to surrender.' 'Military experts are unanimous in praise of Xerxes' plan of battle.' Well, so long! See you later."

And when they met after the battle they agreed that if Greece had a few more passes like Thermopylæ and a few more leaders like Leonidas, the end of the war would soon be in sight and the finish of Xerxes would be equally perceptible.

Wm. E. McKenna.

HE HELD HER.

With flirting and foolishness now she was done,
For she meant to be wed to this chap.

"My race for a husband," she said, "is near won—
I believe I am on my last lap."—*Phila. Ledger*.

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BEGGETTING COLIC.

"Funny thing about me," remarked the cucumber.

"What 's that?" inquired the young radish.

"I do my best fighting when I 'm down."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WHEN we see a big screen in a room we no longer have a curiosity to see what is behind it, having peered so often and found only a wash stand.—*Atchison Globe*.

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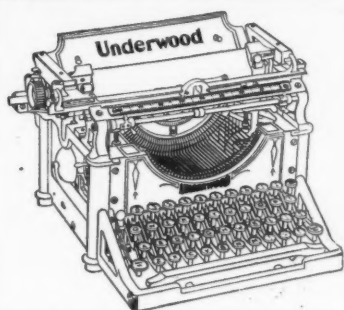
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OLD CHUM.—What made you decide to marry her?

NEWLY MARRIED.—Because, during our long acquaintance, she never once sent me a sofa pillow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MAN'S force in this world is frequently in the inverse proportion to his fashionableness.—*Ram's Horn.*



FROM PILLAR TO POST.

MR. CASEY.—Phat 's th' goat doin' in th' kitchen?

MRS. CASEY.—Shure, an' ain't Maggie courtin' in th' parlor an' Katie in th' sittin'-room?

PROFESSIONAL AMENDS.

"Doctor Blimber gave Jim Frisbie an overdose the other day."

"How did he square himself?"

"Said he'd knock a dollar off the bill."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

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THE INDOLENT CITIZEN.

My favorite occupations,

As the seasons come and go,

Is cuttin' grass in winter

And, in summer, shovelin' snow.

—*Washington Star.*

TEACHER.—What are the elements of the world?

BOY.—Earth, water, fire, air, and

TEACHER.—That's all, isn't it?

BOY.—And the lawless element. —*Yonkers Herald.*

NOTHING DULL ABOUT IT.

"It's funny the way poets speak of 'dull care,' isn't it?"

"Why, what's funny about that?"

"Well, every care I ever had was most awfully sharp."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A SENSE OF PROPRIETY.

"It was careless of me to say that I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses.

"Did you offend some Shakspearean student?"

"No. It was a Chicago pork packer. He frigidly remarked that he did n't care to talk shop."—*Wash. Star.*



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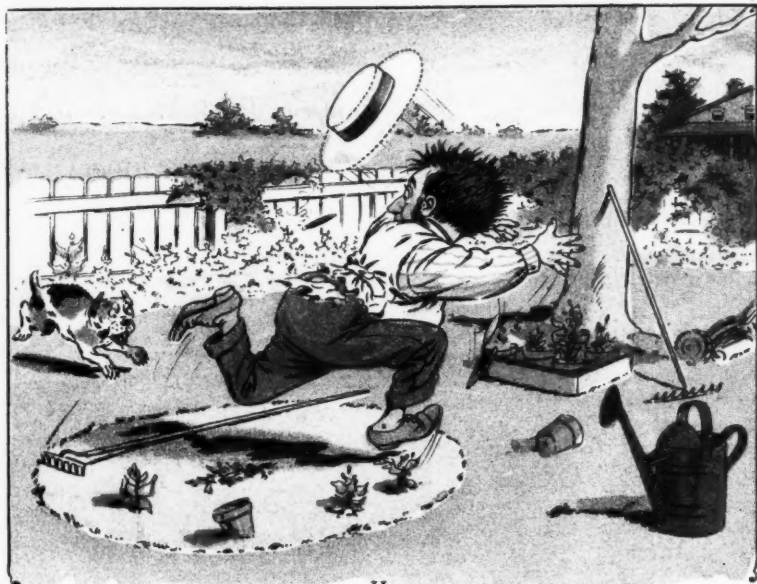
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I.
TEN MILE TIM (*the tramp*).—Gee, dat 's a purty picture, ain't it, Cobbles? An' de time 's jest ripe fur dat little game we plays. Sic 'em, doggie!



II.
TOMPKINS (*the suburbanite*).—What the—why, it 's a mad dog! Help!



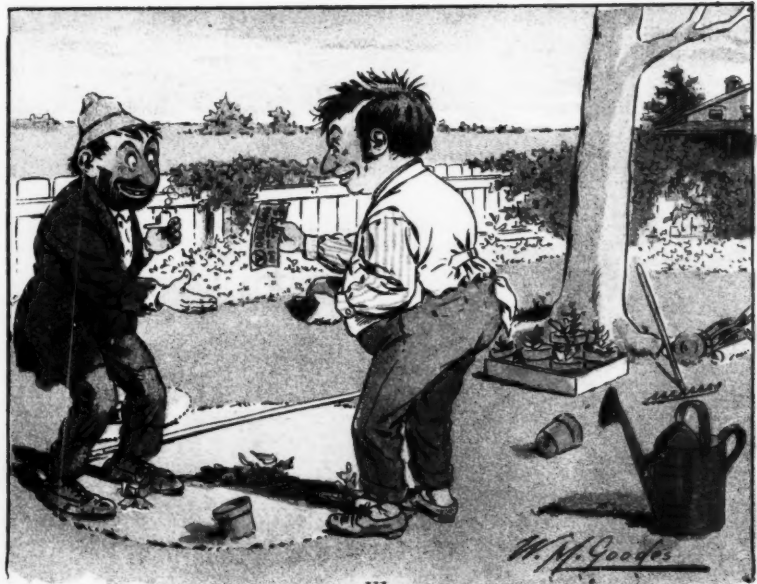
III.
TEN MILE TIM.—Don't lose yer nerve, mister. Here I come t' save yer.



IV.
TEN MILE TIM.—Risky bizness, dis monkeyin' wid mad dogs, but dis is no time t' be thinkin' of meself.



V.
TEN MILE TIM.—Dere, yer growlin' brute! Take dat fur yours!



VI.
TOMPKINS.—And take *that* for yours, my brave friend!
TEN MILE TIM (*aside*).—A five spot, b' gee! Dis dog graft is de easiest yet.

THE COMMON OR GARDEN GRAFTER.